THE

VISITATION SERMON.

A SATIRE.

Re ſis quod ſimulas.

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VISITATION SERMON.

A SATIRE.

MOST with a Maſk their real ſelves conceal,
And wrap their words and meanings in a veil;
Remark old *Sly*, ſuſpect ſome cunning plot,
Fair is his promiſe, but believe him not,
Demure, with mock ſolemnity, invites
The gaze of all, and general ſcorn excites.
What pride the vain Pompoſo's boſom ſwells!
How the F—l glories in his *Cap and Bells!*

On

On names and titles, which preferment gives,
On empty ſhew, the air-blown *Doctor* lives.
A *Doctor* ah! ah! ah! I laugh to ſee
The ſolemn coxcomb ſtrut in *his Degree:*
The *Doctor* and his *Lady!* lo! they come,
Stand by, and give *his Eminency* room;
His ſtate and dignity allow'd, do you
Give him the credit of deep Learning too?
" *Sine doctrina*" many Doctors riſe,
Lucus a non lucendo, none denies.

But let true worth the *name* and *title* bear,
I envy none their well-earn'd character,
While 'gainſt the proud, the upſtart, we proteſt,
Th' aſſuming *Coxcomb* in *Prunella* dreſt,
Whoſe mock Pretenſions are the public Jeſt.

Harangue he will, but his harangues betray,
What forward pertneſs ever muſt diſplay,
Betray a ſhameful vacancy of ſenſe,
And all the babbling of impertinence.
Or would he figure as a deep divine,
And in the field of controverſy ſhine?
Remark the Doctor's dictatorial air,
Receive his *dogmas* or — of heaven deſpair;
More Tyrant Popes than one the Church infeſt,
With zeal unhallow'd flaming in the breaſt.
Who from the Churches *'ſtabliſh'd* plan departs,
Be on your guard; the dagger's at your Hearts.
Or if the rage of Perſecution's ſtay'd,
(For who now dares your liberties invade?)
Expect the keeneſt rallery to prove,
And all th' unchriſtian oppoſites to Love;

Expect the mean contempt, the ſharp retort,
The cutting ſarcaſm, and th' illib'ral ſport;
From pride and bigotry expect to find
All the vile feats of a miſguided mind.

But whence, dear Doctor, flow theſe railing ſtrains?
And why ſuch fury raging in your veins?
Doth fury in *celeſtial* boſoms dwell?
Or is high Heaven in league with Imps of hell?
Let the *meek* Servant imitate his Lord,
Nor furious wield dread Perſecution's ſword.

Who ſhall dominion claim, and wiſh to bind
In flaviſh chains the freedom of the mind?
Shame on that narrowneſs, too often known,
Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone.

Doth the *good Doctor* act a *grateful* part,
When at his *friends* he aims the fiery dart?
To whom did the Dependent cringe and bow,
With abject meanneſs, infamouſly low?
Who humbly hung on a *Diſſenter's* ſmile,
And oil'd his tongue with panegyric guile?
Who play'd the ſycophant with pamper'd cheek?
The *quondam* Chaplain, ſanctify'd and ſleek.
What? on thy Patrons vent thy rancorous ſpleen?
Fly hence, and ſhun the crouded walks of men;
The vile *Ingrate*, deteſted be the name,
Mark'd in the liſts of infamy and ſhame.

While Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory,
To be nor *this*, nor *that*, the Doctor's glory;

For *that* he is, which ſerves his ſelfiſh ends,
To intereſt, intereſt, every action bends:
Fix him to ſettled maxims, if you can,
The temporizer knows no ſettled plan,
If with *Non-Cons*, he all ſubmiſſive bow'd,
And ſpoke for liberal ſentiments aloud;
If with the Church, he *wiſely* chang'd his note,
Veering, with ſupple readineſs, about;
Now bows to Prelates, waits th' applauſive nod,
And aims to pleaſe *them*, rather than his God;
But Prelates of a generous mind diſdain
The flattering tribute of the ſervile train.

Whoe'er aſſumes, his Brethren bar his claim,
And ſtrive to hinder his acceſs to fame:

When

When high he climbs, they pull the upſtart down,
And view his ſelf-ſufficience with a frown.
If modeſt manners and mild candour join,
And all of meek humility were thine,
We ſtart no doubts, the queſtion is forgot,
' To whom related, or by whom begot,'
Or born in rooms of ſtate, or in a cot:
With liberal men it cannot ought avail,
If dropt in cobler's ſtall or in a JAIL.
But if mean Muſhroom Arrogance we ſee,
Allow, dear Doctor, our contempt of thee.
Haſte, with thy paltry littleneſs be gone,
Let Merit take thy place, by right his own.

Though his vain *Worſhip*, (*Worſhip* did you ſay?
Who gave to meanneſs magiſtratic Sway?)

Though

Though his vain *Worſhip* in his chariot ride
In all the little inſolence of pride,
Satire ſhall check him in his mean career,
And whiſper wholeſome counſel in his ear.

Know thyſelf, Doctor, from thy heights deſcend,
And let humility thy ſteps attend.

Let all thy actions with thy every word
In ſtricteſt uniformity accord:
Duplicity's a crime by all abhorr'd.

To thoſe, who conſcience plead, the plea allow,
Nor, full of zeal, the bolts of vengeance throw,
The great, the glorious privilege is given
Still for themſelves to chooſe their way to heaven.

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, nor againſt fanatic madneſs rail,
But keep within mild Moderation's pale,
' Think and let think,' (a maxim I would hold
Sacred within my boſom's inmoſt fold)
Let not this noble maxim give offence,
Twill prove your Candour — nor impeach your Senſe.

F I N I S.